

My Stalker and Love

“I gave him your number”

“Wh--why?”

“Well he asked for it,” she said.

“What the heck!” *In my head* I’m wondering has anyone ever shown her about the whole stranger danger situation? I mean it’s obvious! You *never* for any reason hand a number especially to someone you don’t know. Well anyone with the right mind wouldn’t do this. There wasn’t much I could do, he had my number so I guess he can simply message me whenever he decided to. And all I could do was wait for the message.

It was only a few hours before this when I got a message saying, “Are you going to Joyas?” Let me explain, since you're probably wondering what the heck that is (if your not wondering I’m still explaining). Joyas is a Catholic youth group in where the youth goes for two hours and acts “holy”. In this group, we read lectures and do activities and as times progresses the youth will reflect on the activity. In that night in particular it was Game Night. There wasn’t much holiness going on like, reading a bible script. The idea was just to play and interact with others (act like you like others).

“I guess,” I said.

“Okay, pick you at 6:40!”

Your probably thinking that I’m just a negative soul, but this group is a hoax. I have nothing against God or the Catholic religion, it’s just the members in that group. *Fake*. The group is whatever, honestly I just *hate* how you're welcomed by leaders but you know that deep down they are *judging* you like if they knew you *SO* well. They dig in your souls and try to make you feel less simply because they were the “leaders” and you weren’t. I could care less, they weren’t mighty God. Now, you’re asking then why go? I would go to make my mom happy. It made her feel like God was touching the soul one her daughters, but if only she knew how fake the group was to each other and things didn’t go like how she imagined. It’s fake, you walk in and they say “Hi” and they look at you like they were so excited to see you, but they were never real.

My friend Joselin and I were just standing not doing anything when we got there. Let me tell you that in this youth group everyone has there groups of friends. That isn’t supposed to happen because the main idea is to get teens involved in the group, but also to make friends. So, we just stood there watching others play. Until, I noticed he was looking at me, the guy who asked for my number. I was uncomfortable. He made me feel like I had something on me, as if I was stained. I couldn’t do much. He looked like a spy, literally. Black long coat, jeans, dress shoes, all what a spy would try and wear. Now that I think of it he just looked like a formal guy.

“Has he texted you?”

“No”

“Well, hopefully he does text you, I noticed he was looking at you.”

I think my “friend” simply wanted danger towards me.

We were invited to play volleyball, let me tell you I am the worse at playing any type of sports. The leaders insisted my friend Joselin and I should play so we could have what you would call “fake bond.”

“Let’s play!”

“N--no Joselin, I’m fine. You go play and I’ll watch you from here.”

Somehow I ended up in the court. I can’t remember, but I was there. Like if I had magically appeared in the court area. And guess who was there too? The same guy who was staring at me! I didn’t know how to react, but I tried to let it go. A group of friends and I played for like an hour and it was to my surprise, something I enjoyed. The game to some extent got intense which made it more enjoyable. I realized the name of the guy who was staring was Oscar. Don’t know how I got his name, but it’s Oscar. Something I didn’t catch on until after the game was that he was purposely throwing the ball a little higher than me so he can call me short. I guess this was his way of flirting with me. I am pretty short, so either way throughout the game I still missed the ball. While playing he would be smiling at me and what did I do? I would smile back, I must admit, I was enjoying the game. I got used to his presence and slowly started realizing Oscar might not be any harm after all.

We left around nine in the night. The night was mysterious, but enjoyable. Joselin's dad finally came for us and all of a sudden...

A message comes in.

“Hi.”

I died.